

CALEDONS GRATULATORY RAPTURE

At the Happy Return of our Dread Lord and

S O V E R A I G N

KING CHARLES THE SECOND.

Hence Hellish fury's to your Stygian Cells,
Here is nor Time, nor Place, for Charms, or Spells,
Our Horizontall *Phæbus* doth appear
To guild the Zodiack of this Hemisphear
With Royal Rayes: Although your furious rage
Long forc'd thir Clyms, to prove the dismall stage
Of Treasons, Murthers, Ruins, Rapins, When
Pow'r was usurped by the scum of men:
The Throne was Raz'd, And Sacred Majestie
Was sacrific'd to the Tyrannie
Of worst of Vermin, All the Royall Race
Exil'd, and Royalty in high disgrace
Enter'd; How (then) obscured was our Light?
Our Day transformed to *Cymerian* night?

Yet from this *Phoenix*'s ashes, lo, their springs
A *Phoenix* that's the Diadem of Kings:
With what transcending glory doth he rise,
To clear the shads of our long dark'ned skies;
The Thron's repaired, Majesty restor'd,
The Regal Race return'd, admir'd, ador'd!

Brave *Heroe's*, great restorers of the Crown!
All future ages shall your true renown
Admire; And the unparalelled Storie
Proclaim, of your so much deserving Glorie.
But generous *George*, the *George* most high deserves
Of Royal bounty, which as yet reserves
A Magazine of Honour, to Proclame
The meritorious grandour of his Fame:
While Regicides with infamie arraign'd,
And all their Complice's with shame are stain'd.
Then Loyal Natives, let us chaunt and sing
Withchearfull Acclamations Carolling
This Day, This Solemn-memorable Day
How beautified, by the Royal Ray
Of Sacred Majestie? How hearts, and tongues
Enlarged are, in chearful cries and songs?
The Heaven's resoun'd, The Eccho's do reply,
The sweet concordance of this Harmony:

Long live Renown'd, Renown'd long be the Raign
Of *Charl's* the Second, our Dread Sovereign.

F I N I S.